



### Current Verse

**Current Verse**

**Summer Longing**  
Ah, my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May—  
Waiting for the pleasant rambles  
Where the fragrant hawthorn brams—

With the woodbine alternating,  
Seen the rose face and the ray  
Ah, my heart is weedy waiting,  
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May—  
Longing to escape from study  
To the dance floor and the ruddy  
And the thousand charms belonging  
To the young face fair and ruddy,  
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May—  
Sighing for their sure returning,  
When the summer beams are burning.

Hopes and flowers that dead or dying  
All the winter lay  
Ah! my heart is sick with sighing,  
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May—  
Throbbing for their sure returning,  
When the summer beams are burning.

...bbing for the seaside

When the water-wooling willows  
Were waving and the wind sobbing,  
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting dead, dejected, weary  
Waiting for the May—  
Waiting with the withered war-  
rings—  
Waiting the evenings, sunbaked morn-  
ings—  
Summer, snow, yet dark and dreary  
Life still ebbd away  
Man is ever weary,  
Waiting for the May—  
Denis Florence MacCarthy.

**Guard Mount**

The night has come, and forth I fare  
To post the guard on either side  
Their clearest watch to keep where'er  
My waking thoughts would be.

Who shall stand beside their door  
Who shall stand beside their door  
Her hut who lights an alien shore  
Who shall stand beside their door  
And two shall nightly sweep  
To bring us words who nightly sweep  
If they do wake from their long sleep,  
The London Guard.

To every door two more shall go  
Where trouble trobles, or lurking foe  
While but the deepening dark to throw  
And the dawn shall come, and the day  
And one in silent round I send  
To every door two more shall go

Yet there be special need to fond  
 Against the enemy,  
 Vorth to your posts, my sentinels,  
 Till man's enemy's revenge be done.  
 Give you relief, and daylight tells  
 How glad I stand at your return.  
 —John Finley in the April Century, 1917

**Unguarded Gates**  
 (By Thomas Bailey Aldrich)  
 From "Unguarded Gates and Other  
 Poems," published by Thomas  
 Bailey Aldrich; printed by Longmans,  
 Green, & Co., Ltd., London, 1897.  
 Philadelphia, 1900.

Wide open and unguarded stand on  
 The gates of the world,  
 Named of the four winds, North, South,  
 East, and West,  
 Portals that lead to an enchanted land  
 Of peace and bliss,  
 Vast, prairies, lordly summits, together  
 With snow,  
 Dmajestic sweepings proudly pass  
 The Arab's date-palm and the Norse  
 And the Greek's olive,  
 A realm wherein are fruits of ever  
 And life,  
 Airs that fill chimneys, for lo! throughout  
 The year  
 The breeze blows somewhere—a rich  
 land,  
 A later Eden blossomed in the wilds,  
 A world  
 Which 'not an larch of ether within it  
 Is bound  
 To man's foot, nor press it sets it  
 In

surprising spirit,  
of the needle

Here, free,  
 Here, written, shall have its  
 And Honor honor, and the humble  
 Stand level with the highest in the law  
 Of men, and have men in danger  
 dreamed,  
 And with the vision brightening  
 Gone smiling to the facet and the  
 Wide open and unguarded stand  
 through the  
 and through them presses a wild mot  
 from the Voiga and the Tartar  
 Featureless figures of the Hoang Ho,  
 Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt and  
 Flying the Old World's poverty and  
 These bringing with them unknown  
 Those, of passions, here to stretch  
 their claws  
 And with what strange  
 are load,  
 Accursed slaves to all that  
 Voices the once the Tower of Babel  
 knew!  
 O white Goddess, is it well  
 To leave the gates unguarded? On th  
 Fold Sorrows's children, soothe the  
 hurt of  
 Lift  
 of steel  
 From who to the sacred portal

interior is  
extensive

come  
 To want the gifts of freedom. Have  
 Test from thy brow the clustered stars  
 And trampled in the dust. For so of old  
 The thriving Goth and Vandal tramp-  
 pled Rome, and where the temples of the Caesars  
 The lean wolf unmoleted made be-  
 lair.

Secrets.  
 (From the Bohemian)  
 Sweetheart, bend your pretty head,  
 Send it honey eyes of blue,  
 I've a secret my heart said—  
 "You should know, you should know!"  
 Hold your breath until I'm through:  
 Here's the secret, true is true—  
 I love you!

the thing. So,  
 Oh! the secret you are told  
 Unto me, unto me,  
 Diver now, and yet so old,  
 You'll agree, you'll agree,  
 Is so secret because it's true;  
 But—second secret too—  
 And—oh, well I will tell you  
 That—I knew!

The Londoner's Love  
 Gray, grim London dearer far to me  
 Than snowy Alb or blue  
 Sea,  
 Despite the clangor of thy thronging  
 Despite the shadow of thy mark-  
 Sple the slow growth of suburb, pent  
 place of miles that stretch from  
 Land—no more  
 Sple the grievance that's against  
 Thus hurried,  
 There's no second London in the  
 world!  
 —Westminster Gazette

### Current Verse

**Summer Longing**

Ah, my heart is woeily waiting,  
Waiting for the May  
Waiting for the pleasant rambles  
Where the fragrant hawthorn-bloom  
Scents the air  
With the woodbine alternating,  
And the sweet-scented May  
Ah, my heart is woeily waiting,  
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May  
Longing to escape from study  
To the young face fair and ruddy  
And the young face and ruddy  
To the young face fair and ruddy  
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with sighing,  
Sighing for the May—  
Sighing for their sweet returning,  
When the summer comes a-  
burning.

Hope for flowers that dead or dying  
All the winter lay.  
Ah! my heart is sick with sighing,  
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is woeily waiting with throbbing

Throbbing for the May-  
 Choking for the seasons blow-  
 ing from the woods and willow-  
 Where, in laughing and in sobbing,  
 Waiting for the May.  
 Waiting and, detected, weary,  
 Waiting for the May.  
 Spring goes by with wasted war-  
 mth,  
 Moonlit evenings, midnight mor-  
 nings,  
 Summer, mists, yet dark and dry  
 Life still ebbs away:  
 Man ever weary, weary,  
 Waiting for the May!  
 — Denis Florence MacCarthy.

—Garden Mount

The night had come, and forth I fare  
 To post the centuries of my prayer,  
 Their silent watch to keep where'er  
 I find the light of the Lord's care.  
 Two more may stand beside their door  
 Who gave me birth, and two before  
 Her but who lights an alien shore  
 And with a love as tender as mine  
 And two that nightly vigil keep,  
 To bring us words who nightly weep,  
 If they do wake from their long sleep,  
 To tell the Lord's love to the land.  
 To every door two more shall go  
 Where trouble troubles, or lurking foe  
 And one, but the deepening dark to throw  
 Her dark wings, and the light to show  
 And one in silent rapture I send  
 To tell the Lord's love to the land.

Yet there be special need to fond  
 Against the enemy,  
 To turn to your posts, my sentinels,  
 Till many a weary reveler has  
 Found you relief, and daylight tells  
 Of the glad gladness of the day.  
 —John Finley in the April Century, 1901

**Unguarded Gates**  
 (By Thomas Bailey Aldrich)  
 From "Unguarded Gates and Other  
 Poems," published by Thomas  
 Bailey Aldrich; printed by Longmans,  
 Green, & Co., 15, Bedford Square,  
 London, W.C.

Wide open and unguarded stand on  
 The gates of the world,  
 Named of the four winds, North, South,  
 East, and West,  
 Portals that lead to an enchanted land  
 Of peace and bliss,  
 Vast prairies, lordly summits, together  
 With snow,  
 Drip of the dew, sweeping proudly past  
 The Arab's date-palm and the Norse  
 Warrior's spear,  
 A realm wherein are fruits of ever  
 Youth and life,  
 Airs that fill chimneys, for lo! throughout  
 The year  
 The winds blow blossoms somewhere—a rich  
 Land,  
 A later Eden planned in the wilds,  
 Whither not an lurch of earth within its  
 Bound  
 Turns man's foot, nor sets it  
 On the

free,  
 Here, written, toll shall have its  
 man  
 wage,  
 And Honor honor, and the humble  
 Stand level with the highest in the law  
 Of men, and have men in danger  
 dreamed,  
 And with the vision brightening  
 Gone smiling to the facet and the  
 Wide open and unguarded stand  
 of  
 through them presses a wild mot  
 of  
 from the Voiga and the Tartar  
 Festooned figures of the Hoang Ho,  
 Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt and  
 Flying the Old World's poverty and  
 These bringing with them unknown  
 gods and  
 Those, of passions, here to stretch  
 their claws  
 And with the what strange tor  
 ges are lood,  
 Accursed, these alien to our  
 Voices the once the Tower of Babel  
 knew!  
 O! white Goddess, is it well  
 To leave the gates unguarded? On th  
 Fold Sorrows's children, soothe the  
 hurt of  
 Lift  
 of steel  
 From who to the sacred portal

come  
 To waken the gifts of freedom. Have  
 Lest from thy brow the clustered stars  
 And trampled in the dust. For so of old  
 The strong Gosh and Vandal trampled  
 Rome. And where the temples of the Caesars  
 The lean wolf unmolested made be  
 lair.

Secrets.  
 (From the Bohemian)  
 Sweetheart, bend your pretty head,  
 And I love thee, my dear,  
 I've a secret my heart said  
 You should know, and I should know  
 Life's bonny eyes of blue,  
 Hold your breath until I'm through:  
 Henceforth a secret, too—  
 I love you!

She.  
 Oh! the secret you have told  
 Unto me, unto me,  
 Unto me, and yet so old,  
 You'll agree, you'll agree;  
 Is no secret because it's true;  
 But—tut—tut a secret, too—  
 And—oh, well I will tell you  
 That—I knew!

The Londoner's Love  
 Gray, grimy London dealer fair  
 Whose name is known to all the current

Despite the clangor of thy thronging  
 ways  
 Despite the shadow of thy murky  
 haze—  
 'Spite the slow growth of suburb, peo-  
 pling o'er  
 And the long miles that stretch from  
 place to place—  
 Landscape once fair, that shall be e-  
 ver  
 no more—  
 'Spite every grievance that's against  
 thee hurled,  
 There is no second London in the  
 world:  
 —Westminster Gazette